

## Tragically Hip, The "The Exact Feeling"

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The exact feeling is coming back around  
The tiger's wheeling  
And covering some ground  
I'm up to my torch, I'm up to my tits  
Maybe I got no more innarest  
In the exact feeling

Is all I ever tried to do  
The perimeter, the ceiling  
Just to dribble somewhere new  
I'd be on my hands, I'd be on my knees  
Saying, Hey! Bartender! One more of these  
For the exact feeling

The exact feeling  
Maybe isn't what I think  
Not the singularity  
Of a thousand million dreams  
Not a prosperity that means  
I never have to say a thing  
Maybe the exact feeling  
Is on the other side of this feeling

I remember stealing - huh - lying begging loneliness  
Flying falling kneeling, trying to get em to notice  
I'm not being sad, not being dear  
I only wanna stay with you right here  
In this exact feeling  
In your exact feeling  
In this exact feeling  
In your exact feeling

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